

My Bill Buckley

Hundreds of white pelicans
just invaded my Florida cove,

aimless criss-crossings looking
for fish. So I guess I should write
about William Buckley.

Qualification: Grew up in
New Haven where we despised
Yalies for Patrician Aairs & pseudo-
Oxford Accents. The few Emissaries

From The Middle Class I met there
labeled Yale as a four-year drunk.

When Bill wrote "God and Man At Yale"
I remember saying to friends, That couldn't
be God and Max. First piece of his I recall

concerned tiny luncheonette on Chapel Street, owner
"strangled" by government regulations. Uh huh.

Truth is, neither extreme cares much for common folk.
On the Left you want them on the battlements so
they can help look for your lost keys. On the Right,

you want to screw them but prefer they
remain good chaps about it.

My other insight, courtesy of the English Department
of The University of Connecticut, the 18th Century
Prose of Samuel Johnson. Bill affected such in
relentlessly parallel inflations. And Sam. Helluva guy

and stringent Royalist. (If most Conservatives had
a Royal crack to tongue, they'd calm down.) Hey,

Bill had fun doing all personas. Most can, while
inventing a self. &, too, we all can be assholes
when thrust into public life. What the hell,

got a kick outa him.
He was full of shit
in the highest sense.

